

Alamentable Ditty composed vpon the death of Robert Lo
late Earle of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, o
in the morning, 1600.



Let Englands pride is gon,
welladay, welladay,
makes her sigh and grone
more still :
her same aduance,
Ireland, Spaine, and France,
by all chance,
from vs
a beuious Piere,
welladay, welladay,
was aduanced deare,
more still :
shewes helpt the poye,
makes them sigh ful soze
death they doe deploze,
in every place.
he honour grac'd him still,
gallantly, gallantly,
were did died of ill,
well it is knowne,
That foule fiend,
No malice nere had end,
yonghe true vertues
his shall. (friend)
he did surpasse,
nely, gallantly
that is and was
more still :
was scene,
our Queene,
nere bin scene,
t home,
nely, none,
one,

And England leu'd the same,
in every place.
But all would not pzeualle
welladay, welladay,
His deeds did not analle,
more was the pittie,
He was condemn'd to die,
for treason certainly.
But God that sits on high,
knoweth all things.
That Sunday in the mozne,
welladay, welladay,
That he to the Citie came,
with all his troupe :
That first began the strife,
and caus'd him lose his life
And others did the like,
as well as hee
Per her princely Paistry,
graciously, graciously,
Hath pardon giuen free,
to many of them :
She hath releas'd them quite
and giuen them their right,
They may pray day and night,
God to defend her.
Shrounsday in the night,
welladay, welladay,
With a heauy hearted spize,
as it is said :
The Lieutenant of the Tower,
who kept him in his power,
At ten a clocke that houre,
to him did come.
And said vnto him there
mournfully, mournfully,
My Lord you must prepare,
to dye to morrow.
Gods will be done quoth he,
yet shall you strangely see
God strong in me to be,
though I am weake.
I pray you pray for me,
welladay, welladay :
That God may strengthen me,
against that houre :
Then straight way he did call,
to the Chard vnder the wall,
And did intreat them all
for him to pray.
For to morrow is the day,
welladay, welladay,
That I the debt must pay,
what I doe owe :
At my life I meane :

To the tune of Welladay.
Euen so hath Justice giuen,
that I must dye.
In the morning was he brought
welladay, welladay,
Where a Scaffold was set vp
within the Tower :
Many Lords were present then
with other Gentlemen,
Which were appointed then
to see him die.
Hon Noble Lords quoth he,
welladay, welladay.
That must be witnesse be,
of this my death :
Know I neuer lou'd Papistry,
but still did it despise,
And Essex thus did dye,
here in this place.
I haue a sinner been,
welladay, welladay,
Yet neuer wrongd my Quene,
in all my life :
My God, I did offend,
which grieues me at my end,
May all the rest amend,
I doe forgive them.
To the State I nere ment ill,
welladay, welladay,
Neither wish't the Commons ill,
in all my life :
But lou'd all with my heart,
and alwayes toke their part,
Whereas there was desert,
in any place.
Then mildly did he crane,
mournfully, mournfully,
He might that honour haue,
private to pray :
He then prayd heartily,
and with great feruor
To God that sits on hi
for to receive him.
And then he prayd as
mournfully, mor
God to preserve
from all her ill
And send her lo
true Justice
And not to let
once to of
His Cowe
wellad
And put
and
Pray

6
5
4
3
2
1
10 ins

50 MILLIMETRES
10 CENTIMETRES